

# Confederate Veteran

May, 1922 : p. 197

## DREAMING.

BY LANSE HENDRIX.

He marches away in his slumbers,  
With a gay, romantic heart,  
And thinks of the coming battles  
In which he will soon take part.  
He thinks of a mother he's leaving,  
And a sister so bonny and gay;  
But his thoughts are most of another,  
The beautiful, dark-eyed May.

Again he's with Lee in Virginia,  
Where the Rappahannock flows;  
Forming in line of battle  
To fight the Northern foes.  
His heart is again rent with passion,  
His mind is fiery with hate,  
He rushes into the battle,  
Leaving his safety to fate.

He sees the flag of the Southland  
Flaunt proudly in the breeze,  
And hears the shouts of the soldiers  
Ringing in all the trees.  
He sees the opposing enemy  
Retire from the field in defeat,  
And a thrill runs through his body,  
From his head to the soles of his feet.

The scene is removed in a moment  
To another battle field,  
Where the fight has raged for hours,  
And neither side will yield.  
Again the vision takes him  
To a field that's farther away,  
Where the men in blue are victorious,  
And slowly retreat the gray.

Very true and vivid  
Do all those battles seem;  
But, alas, he wakes to find that  
He's only had a dream.  
A little maid before him,  
Her head a mass of gold,  
Whispers softly: "Grandfather, dear,  
Your tea is getting cold."

[Sent by A. B. Hendrix, of America, Ala., as the composition of a grand nephew when sixteen years old.]

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July, 1922: p. 265

## THE OLD SCORE.

BY LOUISE WEBSTER, MEMPHIS, TENN.

The scions of my family  
Were rebels to a man;  
My father fought in Vicksburg's siege  
And knew the Ku-Klux Klan.  
My mother rode to Carrollton,  
Twelve miles through woodland drear,  
To warn Confederate dragoons  
That Northern troops were near.

I bear the fires of Southern sires  
In artery and vein;  
I call you "Yankee," and I meet  
Your views with proud disdain;  
Yet, in those tense, deciding days  
Before the first shed gore,  
Had they but loved as you and I,  
There could have been no war.